

A Complaynt agaynst the wicked enemies of Christ in that they haue so tyrannously handled the poore Chryistians.

E Las what greife is this
vnto all chrysten men:
That tyrants stil do raine
to worke mischeif agen.

They prosper in the land,
whose practyse late hath bene,
Both to destroy our realme
and Elisabeth our Quene.

How dyd they Tower her
and kept her there in thral,
When they could not charge her
with any crime at all.

But they beyng thyrst
woulde fayne haue suckt her blood,
For when they put her there
they ment her grace no good.

Whiche was the prelates fetch
for why they stode in awe,
That if her grace did raygne
he woulde reiect ther Lawe.

Wherefore this cursed sorte
dyd geue many a lye,
To take her in a tryppe
to make her cleane away.

Such ympes of Sathans kynde
do stand and sturp all yll,
Whiche do suppresse all truth
and do maynteyne al yll.

For they haue spoid this realme
and made it very poore
They brought in fozen power
to Turne vs out of doore.

Suche fruteles trees do growe
they spred abroad and stande,
Whose cursed Branches lyue
and do Corrupt the lande.

For when the Olive trees
and eke the pleisant Vynes
Did bynge vs forth good frutes
and delectable wines.

They sharpened theyr Toles
to cut them by the grounde,
That they might sprynge no moze
noz neuer moze be founde.

For some they bynte with fyre
and some agayne they pinde,
And sum they tare and rackt
and sum remayne behinde.

Againe this cursed sorte
dyd scrape out of the moulde
The carkes of the dead
and many mo they woulde.

Wherof had serude theyr turne
according to ther trust,
Kynge Harry and his sunne
had both ben Burnt to duste.

Doth it not now appeare
what loue and eke what seale
They had vnto our Kinges
that wulde our common weale.

Howe did they raile on them
in pulpettes eury where,
With vile opprobrious termes
and that without all feare.

Alas that suche shoulde lyue
that seke all to destroy,
Suche members woulde be ryd
that do nothinge but noye.

For where they hunt to spoile
ther natures can not seale,
Tyll they haue murdred those
that be the sunnes of peace.

Alas I rue it muche
that suche wypped pates
shoulde be about a Quene
or come within her gates.

Ther counseils be corrupt
for they smel al of bloude,
Ther practys be all yll
how can they then be good.

Who can or will commende
this charite of preistes,
That be suche murderers
and haue suche bloddy systes.

Howe coldly doo they praye
for Elisabeth our quene,
Ther doinges haue ben heard
ther practys haue bene sene.

O cursed seide of Capne
and members of the Deuill
All destitute of grace,
replemished with euyll.

Who loue the name of yoll,
but suche as ye do byrbe,
O ye blinde balaam res
o vile and cursed Trybe.

The infantes in the wombe
haue cause to Curse your seide,
And eke the fatherles
for your accursed dede.

Howe many liue this day
whose parentes ye haue kiide,
And turned ther Childzen out
into the stretes and filde.

Ther to lye and pyne
and sayd that it was Synne
Epyther to geue them foode
or els to take them in.

What pitie were it nowe
to tolle and to turne them,
To heve them in peces
to Byrle and to burne them.

To fye them from the Crowne
to the soules of theyr fete,
To trye if suche tormentes
be Pleasaunt and swete.

And specially Bonner
the fier woulde fayne tast him,
But burne him it coulde not
his grece wolde so Bast him.

Wolde god it might trye him
for if that day were cume,
Many handes woulde be redy
to geue fyre to his Bum.

That smythfelde might smel him
and here the tyrauntes voice,
That fatherles Childzen
and infantes might Reioyce.

Whose fathers and mothers
this tyraunt hath furthered,
To be cruelly burnt
and most shamefully murthred.

O trapterus tyraunt
o false periured Best,
By byrplinge and burning
is known and manifest.

And all thy tyranes
whiche thou hast frequented
And also hast practysd,
and lewdly inuented.

How hast thou tried them
with torche and with taper
Burning their handes and fete
to make them to wauer.

Yea how didst thou stock them
o murderus these,
Ther necke there handes and fete
onlye for their beleaf.

Both within thy Cole house
and in the lollers tower,
The poore and simple men
had many a sharpe hower.

Through thy good counsellers
Clunnye and John auales,
These are the two rake helles
that brought the all the tales.

How were the poore lodgyd,
how were their bellys fedde,
With hunger and Couide
and stones to rest ther hed.

Alas what bestes are they
that lurke vnder that wede,
Are they not Raueninge wolues
iudge them by ther dede.

What iniurie were it nowe
to rid those bloody bestes,
That sekerth frendship now
with monye and with festes.

Now they haue spoid our realme
they fere and stand in dout,
If byberie helpe them not
then will ther knauery out.

But god for his mercy
seale the bloody streame,
And graunt that his glozy
may florisse in our Realme.

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